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{ Terms in Advance :
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

EVELEEN'S VICTORY ;

OR,

Ireland in the Days of Cromwell.

A TALE BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE"
"IRISH HOMES AND IRISH HEARTS," &c.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Two days have passed since the stormy interview we described in our last, and the sisters had nought to do but wait patiently for news of the army. Rumours of a great battle having taken place reached them several times; peasants coming in declared they had heard the news from others, but Eveleen and Mary paid little heed to these vague declarations. On the evening of the second day their solitude was agreeably broken in upon. In the afternoon, descending the winding hill that leads into the valley, a traveller might be seen. He wore the common peasant costume of the period, and slung over his back was a bag of carpenter's tools. Apparently he was one of those travelling workmen, who went from house to house offering to do any repairs that might be wanting since his last visit. As he descended into the valley, and wound his way slowly with the step of one sorely tired, he formed no unapt representation of the carpenter Saint more dear to God than any other mortal man.

His hair was almost white, and his face so gentle and refined, that it was difficult to believe him an artisan.

Clearly it was not so believed by the inhabitants of the gray house; he set foot in the courtyard just as Mary Fitzgerald happened to enter it to remonstrate with Terence, one of the *gosssoons*, who had allowed a crowd of young chickens to stray into the courtyard where they ran instant danger of being frightened to death, if not eaten up by the large watch dogs. Mary, with her dress looped up, and her little sachel containing corn for her chickens on her arm, formed a pretty picture. Her eyes rested on the old carpenter, at first with only the passing curiosity a stranger excites; then a quick glance of recognition flashed into her face. She ran towards him, and with eager hands began to loose the bag of tools.

"Father, dear father, welcome, what joy to see you, how tired you look, come in, come in, a thousand thousand welcomes"

Father Egan smiled brightly as he followed her. The hard life of a Catholic priest obliged to travel in all sorts of disguises, and in the midst of all sorts of peril, was often cheered by welcomes such as these. When at last the dangerous and weary journey was over, and he drew near a dwelling place of the faithful, he knew how hearts would bound and light up at the sight of his face, the sound of his voice. Eveleen came running into the parlour into which Mary led her guest, and both girls fell on their knees for the priest's blessing.

The visit of Father Egan gave them especial delight. He had been for many years at the Franciscan monas-